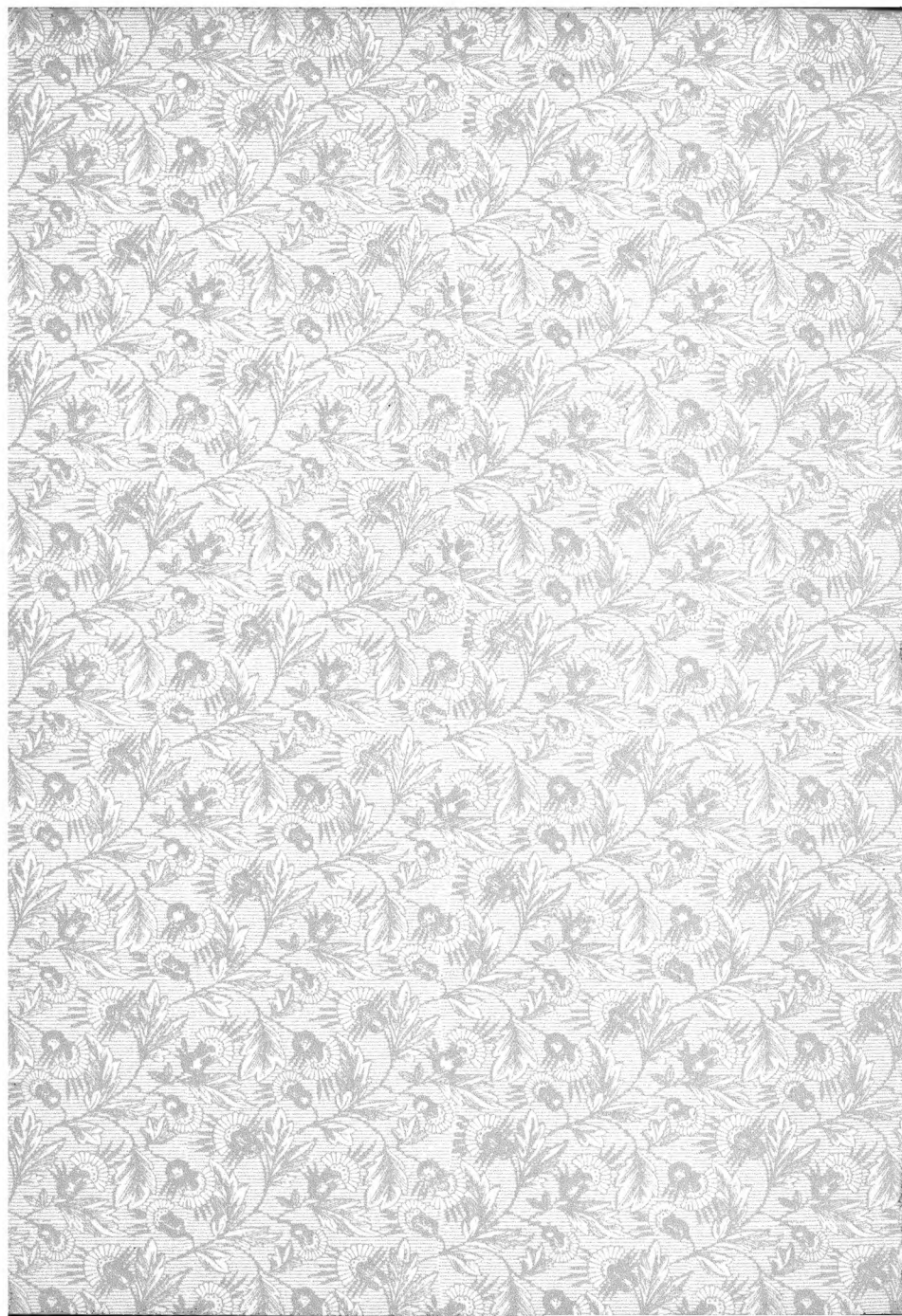
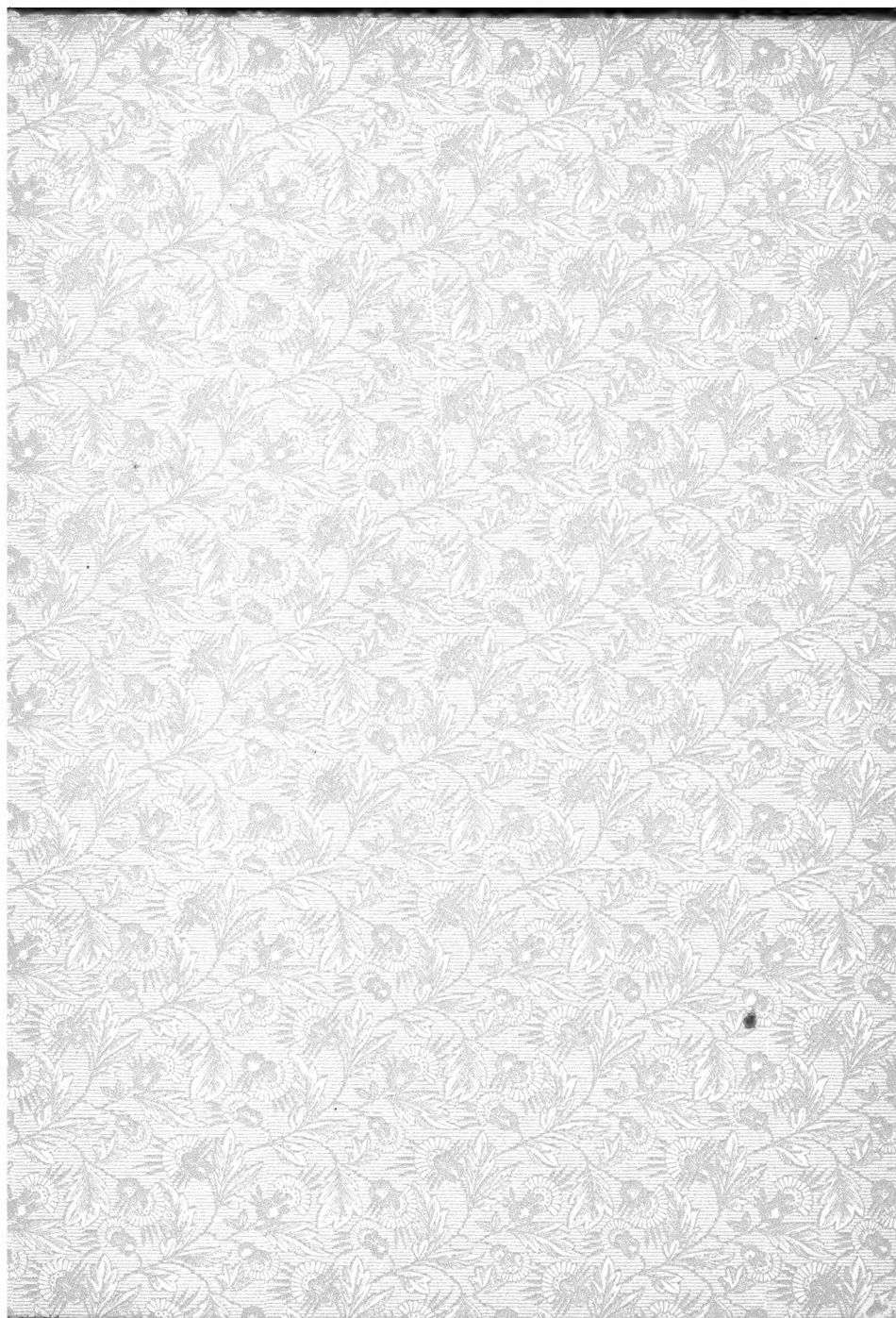


**ROSEMARY  
AND RUE**





From the author,  
to A. K. Sandwell,  
April 11th,  
1929.

# ROSEMARY AND RUE

By

CECIL FRANCIS LLOYD

*"Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless  
night."*

—SHAKESPEARE

March, 1929  
STOVEL CO. LIMITED  
Winnipeg

*To my friend from old time, Horatio Wallace,  
the best judge I know of a good poem, this little  
book is affectionately dedicated.*

## *LINES FOR ANY CENOTAPH*

*To the Men Who Fell in the War*

This to remind you as to work or play,  
Gay or in sombre mood, you pass this way;  
That far from here, in pain and misery,  
We passed from time into eternity.  
This stone will crumble, iron rust, but men,  
Their deeds remembered, seem to live again.  
Vain are these honours, vain were all our pains,  
If to destroy your children war remains.

## *STATUE OF LORENZO THE MAGNIFICENT*

*By Michael Angelo, in San Lorenzo, Florence*

There is an awful beauty in that face.  
He seems a young archangel on his throne,  
Waiting the Doom blast in this solemn place,  
Chilled by God's wrathful glance to icy stone.  
Far from his giant peers in heaven, or hell,  
He broods on thoughts no mortal tongue dare tell.

*TO DONN BYRNE*

*And the Noble Company of Artists and Artists'  
Friends, Who Died Young*

The fairest flower has ever briefest life.  
The brightest day becomes too quickly old.  
The sky-aspiring flame of worthy strife  
Drops into ashes and grows sudden cold.  
The light that on the mountain tops doth burn  
Flies the approach of ever-greedy night.  
All lovely things too early must return  
To earth, fair victims of her moody spite.  
But who would not prefer to be a rose  
One honeyed day of summer's golden prime,  
To the dull lichen that unheeded grows  
On tombstones even to the end of time?  
Better be beauty for an hour than be  
Dullness and dust for all eternity.

*SLEEP*

Sleep to my cradle came when I was young,  
Sweet as a rose leaf drifting down the wind;  
Hushed the insistent babble of my tongue  
And laid a wood-pool's stillness on my mind.  
Sleep came to me adown the vale of youth,  
A gentle moth adrift on starry wings,  
And my fierce greed for joy-adventure, truth  
Surrendered to the peace oblivion brings.  
Sleep came to me when I was growing old,  
A lady with a poppy in her hand,  
Nor eating cares nor troubles manifold  
That blossom's subtle fragrance could withstand.  
Soon a more potent anodyne will steep  
My brain in God's best gift, unbroken sleep.



### *HELEN*

When Death claimed Helen of the golden hair,  
    An awe-struck whisper passed, beauty is dead.  
    Even the milk-white almond blossoms shed  
Into the pool's translucence seemed less fair  
Than when the glory of the queen was there.  
    Men eyed the curves of many a lovely head,  
    And listened, heart-sick, to the lightfoot tread  
Of buoyant youth, but all the world was bare.

Years passed, then travellers in distant lands  
    Caught in a sunset's splendour or the rose  
    Of dawn, a hint that only memory gives.  
Again they saw the cool uplifted hands  
    Hover above the brow's divine repose,  
    And with a sudden thrill cried, Helen lives.

### *THE POET*

A quiet man who walked an endless round  
Of tedious days, or so they seemed to be  
To those who never noticed his profound  
Glance of discernment flash out suddenly  
Upon the little world whose passing dust  
Powdered his jacket with a film of gray.  
Men deemed him unimportant for no gust  
Of lusty fortune ever blew his way.  
His brown-eyed wife was gentle as the dew,  
Still as a mouse that sees the cat go by.  
One morning when the dawn was breaking through  
The curtains of her room he watched her die.  
Then he died, long ago; now men rehearse  
The limpid rhythms of his golden verse.

### *LIFE AND DEATH*

I would not haggle meanly at the end,  
    When sister Death demands her fee,  
But greet her bravely, like a long lost friend  
    Recovered suddenly.

I would not feel hot fever's venom'd teeth  
    Consume my flesh, like flame a brand;  
Nor rust, slow dropping grain on grain, beneath  
    Old-Age, his hand.

Better the swift assoiling of the sword  
    That washes out in blood all stain.  
Thus the brief life is briefly underscored;  
    This was a loss, that gain.

Fair Death, pray come in summer when the west  
    Is hung with arras rich of purple fire;  
And set my spirit free to soar in quest  
    Of heart's desire.

I still enjoy the clash of mind with mind,  
    The swift exchange of knightly blow for blow.  
Soon in the gathering darkness I shall find  
    A hand I know.

### *TIME AND ETERNITY*

The ways of a man with a maid,  
    The ways of a maid with a man;  
Have altered never a whit  
    Since ever the world began.  
But the way of a bird through the air  
    And the ways of a beast in its den  
Hold secrets darker, deeper,  
    Than even the ways of men.

Out of the earth a germ,  
    Out of the void a star;  
To eyes of infinite reach  
    There is neither near nor far.  
God can afford to wait,  
    For the thing that is not shall be.  
But man must work in haste,  
    The fruit of his work to see.

Beyond the ultimate sun  
    You will find in the ultimate glooms,  
Order. The blaze of pride  
    Is never the light that illumines.  
But after infinite watching,  
    With infinite patience and pain,  
You will find all beauty and good  
    In a clod made fresh by the rain.

### *SUMMER PASSES*

Slyly a wind slips over the hill.  
In the heart of a rose a star hangs, still  
As an aspen leaf when no wind is blowing.  
Like a child that steals off, day is going.

The air is cold as a keen white frost,  
Haunting a wild where a lamb is lost.  
Gently the rose fades into gray,  
Like a crumbling log when fire's away.

Day goes west with the falling dew.  
Fleetfoot summer is passing too,  
Out of my garden, over the fells,  
Into the land where beauty dwells.

As swallows in August, on roof and fence,  
Warn us summer is hastening hence;  
Ripening beauty of petal and wing  
Hint to us of our westering.

Even as summer and daylight fade,  
You and I, so God us aid,  
Out of this pleasant light we know  
Into a lovelier light shall go.

### *REMEMBRANCE*

Spring's in our wood again,  
    Subtle and sweet;  
With beauty her sister,  
    Timid and fleet.  
When the snow vanishes  
    Violets appear;  
How can I love them,  
    Now you are not here?

Some who dream foolishly  
    Say you still live.  
Just for one touch of  
    Your lips I would give  
All that men cherish,  
    Ambition holds dear.  
Spring is but winter  
    Now you are not here.

O my lost darling,  
    Forgotten by me,  
Winter or summer,  
    You never shall be.  
All it delighteth  
    My heart to be near,  
Reminds me, like Maytime,  
    That once you were here.

### *FRANCOIS VILLON*

Greatly I suffered, greatly too have sinned.  
Something men owe me, little call I mine.  
My flesh has felt the knife of every wind.  
Men I have slain, have warmed my heart with wine.  
My soul has drained the sweetness from white arms,  
Delicate breasts, lips' honeyed loveliness,  
Virgil's immortal music, the cool charms  
Of April eves, chaste dawn's divine caress.  
Out of the muck and splendour of my days  
Jewels I wrought and polished lovingly.  
Sweet Christ me save, to you be all the praise,  
If aught I fashioned shall remembered be,  
To honour Beauty, golden maid, whose face  
Reveals to me God's glory and His grace.

### *THE RIDER OF THE CLOUDS*

Silver and blue against the rose of fading afternoon,  
And on his wings a spectral glow, light of the rising moon.  
Delicate, swift, adventurous, a spirit framed to know  
Beauty of space and light, the power of all the winds that  
blow.

Glory of thought was in his speed, of thought from words  
set free  
To flash, like lightning, through the void of God's immensity.  
Silver and rose I watched him fade into the west, a sprite,  
Companion of the clouds that veil the jewelled breast of  
night.

### *MARCH WINDS*

I hear enormous noises in the night  
    Pass through the house to die into the dark;  
Setting my wild heart shuddering with fright,  
    Like some old tale of witch or goblin, hark!  
Surely that was a foot upon the floor.  
    And hark! again, a dreadful moan of pain.  
A ghostly hand is troubling my door.  
    That was a sigh that passed, I heard it plain.  
Primeval terrors darkly stir along  
    The current of my blood and lift my hair.  
Around my bed mysterious faces throng,  
    Demonic, ah but one of them is fair;  
She smiles at me, I'll slumber like a child;  
Though on the plains the winds of March blow wild.



### *EXTREME UNCTION*

Soon all the echoing corridors of sense,  
Down which the songs and splendour of the world  
Flung wide the folds of their magnificence,  
Like golden banners to the wind unfurled;  
Will be by consecrated hands sealed up,  
Fit preparation for eternal rest.  
Spill not a drop from life's o'erbrimming cup,  
But drain it even to the worst and best.  
Life is a gift and surely it was given  
By one who better knows its worth than you.  
Be not a brute to sudden slaughter driven,  
But seize and mold the fruitful clay anew  
Into some form through which it may appear,  
When you are dead, that once a man was here.

## THE CONVENT

This is the house where flesh grown intimate  
With spirit, sanctifies the dross of earth;  
While the proud senses, like attendants, wait  
On temperate Contemplation, foe to mirth.  
Here reverend age and grave austerity,  
Mellowed by endless prayer, by thought refined,  
Repress, with no ill-meant severity,  
The softer graces of the carnal mind.  
But one fair maid, with still unfurrowed brow,  
Sweet eyes that half remember silk and gold,  
Pale blossoms fragrant on an apple bough,  
A boyish glance, half bashful and half bold,  
May on some April eve, when prayers are done,  
Wish, for a moment, she were not a nun.

## VALE FERDINAND FOCH

*March 20th, 1929*

Out of the grand simplicities of life this knightly spirit came.  
He faced his task and did it, not regarding the dubious lure  
of fame.  
Now is the sword sheathed, the marshal's baton no more  
the master knows.  
"Allons," the word, by the last foe undaunted, into God's  
peace he goes.  
  
The columns pass, the keen notes of the bugle die down the  
sweet spring day.  
An aged charger follows his old master, priests in rich  
vestments pray.  
Little the marshal heeds the crowds, the splendour, the  
drooping flags o'erhead.  
Again he blends with all things grandly simple, most living  
when called dead.

## MEMORIES

*In the attic I opened a cedar chest, locked for a hundred years, and found therein some linen, packed in rose leaves, that once belonged to my great grandmother's sister, who died young.*

Our linen once was heart of sky-blue flax,  
Blown by the south wind into rippled beauty.  
Our lace was made by hands as pale as wax,  
Gentle but strong and tranquilized by duty.  
A diver in deep seas where no light falls  
Save that green glow which fishes think the sun,  
Found in a shell the pearl your lady calls  
Buttons; we've seen ours search an hour for one  
To sew on this slim band that clasped her waist.  
Her lines were lyrics flowing smooth and free.  
We once were white because her soul was chaste  
As snow on mountains, foam on open sea.  
Now odourous of rose we lie forlorn.  
Dear maid, her heart was dust ere you were born.

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